Chapter 489: The Origins of Kael Atris

A World on the Brink of Collapse

Kael Atris was born on **Varis Primus**, a planet that had long since fallen from grace. Once a flourishing world of towering cities and vast knowledge, it had succumbed to an unending war. The heavens above were forever clouded with ash, and the land beneath was scarred by centuries of conflict. The people of Varis Primus no longer knew peace—only the struggle to survive.

The world was divided into **Seven Warring Nations**, each seeking dominance over the remnants of civilization. Kings and warlords ruled with iron fists, and the common people were left to suffer. Kael was born in the slums of **Varthun**, one of the last free cities standing against the tyrants who sought to enslave its people.

His father, **Revan Atris**, had once been a warrior of legend, a swordsman so skilled that even the gods took notice. But war had broken him. Betrayed by his own people and cast aside, Revan had become a drunkard, drowning his sorrows in the bottom of a bottle.

His mother, **Elira Atris**, had been a healer—a kind, gentle woman who spent her days tending to the wounded and the sick. She had tried to shield Kael from the horrors of war, but even she could not stop fate. When Kael was just ten years old, raiders attacked Varthun. His mother was killed before his eyes, her body left in the dirt like worthless trash.

That was the day Kael's childhood ended.

The Struggle for Survival

With his father a broken man and his mother gone, Kael was left to fend for himself in the harsh streets of Varthun. He learned quickly that weakness meant death. At first, he stole food to survive, but soon he found himself caught in the violent underworld of the city. Gangs, mercenaries, and bounty hunters ruled the slums, and Kael had no choice but to fight.

He trained his body relentlessly, honing his skills with whatever weapons he could find. His father, though lost in his own misery, still knew how to wield a blade. On rare sober nights, he taught Kael the ways of the sword—**how to read an opponent's movements, how to strike without hesitation, how to survive when all odds were against him.**

By the time Kael was sixteen, he had earned a reputation.

He became known as the **Ghost of Varthun**, a warrior who struck like a shadow and disappeared before his enemies even knew what had happened. He took on mercenary work, not because he enjoyed killing, but because it was the only way to escape the crushing poverty that had defined his life.

And yet, no matter how strong he became, he was still human. Still bound by the limits of flesh and blood.

The Battle That Changed Everything

On the eve of his twentieth birthday, Varthun faced its greatest threat yet. A powerful warlord, **Zerath the Butcher**, marched upon the city with an army of five thousand soldiers. The defenders of Varthun numbered barely a thousand, and most were farmers with no real training.

Kael knew they wouldn't survive.

He rallied what warriors he could and led a desperate charge against Zerath's forces. The battle raged for hours, blood soaking the streets, screams filling the air. Kael fought with everything he had, cutting down enemy after enemy, his body covered in wounds.

But it wasn't enough.

One by one, his comrades fell. The city burned. The enemy closed in.

Then, as he lay dying amidst the corpses of his fallen allies, something happened.

The sky split apart.

A presence unlike anything Kael had ever known descended upon him—a presence so vast, so powerful, that his very soul trembled. A **System Window** appeared before his fading vision.

[You have been chosen.]
[You have been granted a speck of Castellion Arisium's power.]
[Awakening...]

In that moment, Kael Atris was reborn.

Appearance and Transformation

Before his awakening, Kael was an ordinary human—tall, lean, with dark, shoulder-length hair and piercing silver eyes. His body bore countless scars from battles past, each one a reminder of the life he had lived. He wore simple armor, dented and worn from years of combat, and carried a single sword—his father's blade, the last relic of a broken man.

But after Castellion Arisium's blessing, Kael changed.

His once-human body became something more. His silver eyes gleamed with a divine glow, his hair turned a deep shade of midnight black, streaked with faint traces of gold. His muscles were now infused with celestial energy, making him stronger, faster, and far more resilient than any mortal. A faint aura surrounded him, a whisper of the godly power that now coursed through his veins.

And in his hands, his father's broken sword had transformed into something greater—a blade wreathed in an ethereal glow, forged from the very essence of Castellion Arisium's divine will.

He was no longer just a man.

He was something more.

The Future Awaits

As Kael Atris stood amidst the burning ruins of Varthun, he realized the truth: this power was not given to him without reason. He had been chosen.

But why?

Was he meant to save his dying world? To bring vengeance upon those who had destroyed his home? Or was his fate far greater, tied to the endless expanse of the multiverse?

One thing was certain—his journey was only beginning.

And with even a mere speck of Castellion Arisium's power, **Kael Atris would shake the heavens themselves.**

Continued to a fiction with a title :
Solo Leveling: Legend of Kael Atris